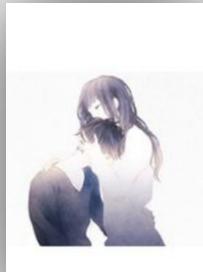




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Raindrop

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Chapter 1 by Monorilakkuma

" I still blow bubbles till this day. It sounds silly, right? I was wondering, how would it all be like if you were still here with us, with me. Everyone misses you, especially my grandparents. They really wished you were here, they actually liked you. "

" I bought you your favourite flowers. The plain Baby Breaths, Daffodils, Carnations and lastly, Hydrangeas... ". I couldn't stop my tears from falling onto the pavement. The sky turned dark as if it was mourning with me as well. The dark clouds started pouring down heavily, wettening the Earth's solid ground, causing it to be soft and muddy.

I felt myself breathe heavily and endless sobs from my mouth. It was still all too hard for me to take in. Especially...HER death. I couldn't move on because of this, I loved her too much to let go.

" Oh Rachelle, I'm sorry...I'm so, so sorry! This wouldn't happen if I had noticed earlier what was happening around you... ". I fell to my knees and cried even harder, I still had my gripped on the bouquet that I got for her and I put it on her grave. On her tombstone, it read " You will always be missed.... ". I stared at it with remorse blossoming inside my chest.

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I wiped my tears from my face and looked at my muddy state but didn't care as all I could think about was her and how I had let her down.

I whimpered as I began the trudge back home soaking wet and covered with mud. I couldn't blame my eyes for continuing to cry after I left. I felt like I would never be able to get over this. I scolded my self over and over for not knowing better then to see what was happening plainly right in front of my very own two eyes.

Whenever rachel had been around me I'd point out strange bruises on her arms, face, or any other exposed skin. Soon the bruises would be come more then just bruises. There would be gashes, broken bones, burns, and welts from time to time. I would ask but she'd just say it was an accident or she burned herself when she was curling her hair, or she tripped again and fell down her staircase. I wouldn't fully believe her but I was never brave enough to push any more.

Yet here it happened so fast and so quickly that it seemed all to happen in the blink of an eye. One second she was here the next I am running to the hospital.

Chapter 3 by Monorilakkuma



I had received a call from the florist, Mrs.Drave, that my beloved grandmother was admitted to the hospital. She had a heart attack, she had that heart problem ever since I was only 6 years old...

I felt so loved by my grandparents when they took me in. I was disowned by my real parents, but my grandmother, Rossaly Andrew, from my genetical mother's side, pitied me and decided to take me in.

My grandfather was a loving man, he loved grandmother so much that whenever she feels sad or sees her cry, he'd feel heartbroken by it.

After Rachelle's death, now this? I can't afford to lose my two beloved people in my life! " Grandma...please, hold on. I'm going to be there! ".

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I finally reached the hospital and....

Chapter 4 by Kiri



the white lights blinded me as I burst through the hospital doors. Anxious to see what had become of Rosie, I hastened to the front desk, ignoring the people gawking at my rain-covered state. "Could you tell me the room for a Rossaly Andrew? Please, it's urgent!" I was barely able to speak from all the running as well as the shock of the news.

An apologetic receptionist looked up from her computer screen, "I'm sorry, but Mrs. Andrew is currently in the ICU and is unable to receive visitors. If you could remain in the waiting room, we will notify you when--"

"No, you don't understand, please I need to see her! I'm begging you!! I won't be any trouble...please?!" I beg and plead on the verge of tears, but to no avail. Hospitals are known for having to deal with emotional outbursts from family members, and so they did their best to calm my unquelled anxiety.

In response, she gave me a sympathetic smile and motioned me toward an empty chair along with the other waiting people who were stuck in the same crappy boat that I was in. Out of the corner of my eye, I even thought I saw my grandfather huddled in a corner with Mrs. Drave. However, I wasn't having it. I sprinted toward the pair of double doors that would lead me to her, but I was restrained by several nurses as they grabbed my thrashing limbs and dragged me to the seating area. I fought for a good thirty seconds before realizing resistance was futile. "Alright, alright! Hands off, I'm done going ballistic."

They returned to their duties, while I made my way over to grandpa. I collapsed at his feet as a river of silent tears streamed down my face. Head in hands, my body shook uncontrollably, and my emotions again got the better of me. Grandpa's rough hand stroked my head, but there was no stopping my tears.

Please God, don't take Rosie from me! She's all grandma and I have left. You already have Rachel.

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